

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,  
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 10.)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.,

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—MY DEAR RYAN,—I am pleased to observe that Paris, although far behind London in appreciation of the genius of Mendelssohn as in personal knowledge of the man, is not quite indifferent to the blow which his death has inflicted upon art, nor wanting in respect for his memory. Among the musicians here (the *pianists* especially) there are several whom the intelligence has deeply affected. Out of this small but estimable band the names of Stephen Heller,\* Charles Hallé, Rosenhain, and Panofka, occur to me. You will say that these are not Parisians, but of pure Teutonic extraction; nevertheless they have lived long enough in Paris to imbibe the frivolity of Parisian taste, and that disregard for the higher manifestations of art which is the peculiar attribute of French musicians; but, true to their German principles, they have remained in the cauldron unscathed, and are as sincerely and substantially artists as though they had never migrated from the soil of their nativity.

Among these gentlemen—I believe the idea originated with Panofka—it has been proposed to get up a demonstration, signed by the chief musicians resident in Paris, conveying to the widow of Dr. Mendelssohn expressions of regret for his loss, of admiration for his genius, and of condolence with her affliction. M. Habeneck, the well-known *chef d'orchestre* of the *Conservatoire* (whose post at the Opera, lately resigned, is now filled by M. Girard, predecessor of M. Labarre at the *Opera Comique*) having been applied to for his aid and concurrence, has promised both, and there is every prospect that the matter will be accomplished in a style befitting the occasion. This proceeding ought to be adopted by the musicians of London, who knew Mendelssohn so intimately, revered his genius so highly, and loved the man with such unanimous affection. Talk of it to Sterndale Bennett, Sir George Smart, Benedict, Costa, Lindsay Sloper, Anderson, Lucas, Charles Horsley, Dorrell, Jewson, &c. &c. They all were often and intimately associated with Mendelssohn, and I think will welcome the proposition; at all events do not let it drop for want of consideration—it merits a better fate.

By the way, I have another notion that may be worth a thought:—as there is to be some kind of monument to the memory of the illustrious composer, what think you of *Hanover Square* for the site? This was the arena of his *first* and most frequent triumphs in England; and there could hardly be a more appropriate tribute than a memento of them on the *very spot*—as near as possible to the Concert Rooms?

\* This accomplished musician has just returned to Paris after an absence of nearly three months.

A STATUE OF MENDELSSOHN in Hanover Square! It would be a triumph for the art! We have statues of warriors, of sailors, of statesmen, of kings; but we have no statue of what is above them all—a *great artist*. If every amateur and every musician were to subscribe a trifling sum, the thing might be easily accomplished. It would advance music a *whole century*. An honorable testimony of England's appreciation of a mighty genius, it would be also a magnificent means of stimulating endeavour; by elevating the musician in his self-esteem, and inciting him to do his best, so that, if God were willing, he might ultimately be found worthy—if not of the same high distinction, at least, of his country's gratitude. Musicians! put your shoulders to the wheel; here is an opportunity of proclaiming your value, and maintaining the dignity of your beloved art, without the assistance of parliament or the necessity of petitions. There is nothing whatever hyperbolic in the suggestion. No one who truly understands and loves music will jeer at me for saying that *Shakspeare* has (or had!) his statue in *Covent Garden Theatre* and why should not *Mendelssohn* have his statue in *Hanover Square*? The author of *Elijah* is worthy of any honors that a grateful nation can pay—and *Elijah* was written for England, and first performed in England. Meanwhile this will not prevent Birmingham, which has had so much to do with Mendelssohn's fame, and Exeter Hall, which has had scarcely less, from exhibiting their own enthusiasm for his memory in any way they may consider becoming; the more and the loftier the honors paid to such a man the greater the credit to the country that pays them. I shall return to this matter, and rely upon your sympathy and your aid in furthering the probability and the practicability of its consummation. Not that I have the least fear of our musicians being backward in such a cause, or that there will be any necessity for an English Liszt, to come forward with the whole of his earnings, and make up the amount required; but unless the question be agitated it will be likely to die for want of nourishment. Therefore, *agitate*, and you will be rendering a service to that noble art of which you are so eloquent an advocate, and whose followers, unhappily, are so lowly placed in the scale of that civilization which their efforts, nevertheless, tend so much to promote. The important question of who shall make the statue may be discussed when we have raised the money.

To give you a notion of how far the French musicians are behind our own in knowledge and appreciation of the highest forms of art—I was speaking to —, the composer of twelve or thirteen operas, an artist by no means without *serious* merit and solid acquirement; the theme was the art and its professors; the name of Mendelssohn escaped my lips:—"Ah, by the way," said —, "is that Mendelssohn, who died, Mendelssohn the pianoforte-player?" Somewhat astonished

to hear Mendelssohn styled a *pianoforte-player*—to be the greatest of pianoforte-players having been his least distinction—I replied, “I beg pardon, there was only one Mendelssohn.” “You are mistaken,” he rejoined, “there was the uncle, the philosopher, who composed the stupid choruses in *Antigone*, which were played at the *Odeon*.” “Ah, indeed,” was my retort.—“I thought that Mendelssohn, the *pianoforte-player*, wrote those choruses in *Antigone*.”—“Oh, no—he wrote an overture, called *Le Songe d’une nuit d’été*, which is very clever, and has been performed at the *Conservatoire*.” “Thank you,” said I, “for your information—nevertheless, I must confess I like his uncle’s choruses in *Antigone*.” Cela n’a pas le sens commun,” he quickly rejoined—“a number of men, standing for two hours, singing the same monotonous tune in unison, and always *fortissimo*!” “Ah,” thought I, “it seems the *Odeon* must have beat Covent Garden hollow, in the style of its performance!” Now can you imagine an educated musician, and a well-known composer, in the city of arts, so curiously deficient in the knowledge of that with which he should be most familiar!—but there are a hundred such in Paris.

It is nevertheless, a consolation to find, that, wherever Mendelssohn has been known, he has left an impression, as indelible as profound, on the hearts and understandings of all who came in contact with the man, or heard the inspirations of the musician. The honours accorded to him at Leipsic, on the occasion of his funeral, at all the towns on the road between Leipsic and Berlin, through which the coffin, containing his remains, was compelled to pass, and ultimately, at Berlin, where they were deposited, in the same grave as those of his beloved sister, whose sad and unexpected fate, no doubt,—and no wonder, since Mendelssohn absolutely worshipped her—hastened on his own, were worthy of the genius to whom they were paid and of the people who had the good feeling to pay them. I enclose you an interesting account, which appeared in the *Journal des Debats*; pray translate and insert it in the present number; \* every atom of information that can be obtained about the life and death of a man so extraordinary and so universally lamented must necessarily interest our readers. For a similar reason I should like you to reprint, at different intervals, the articles that appeared in the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Athenæum*, and any other from the English papers that you may find worthy of being preserved; meanwhile I will not let anything pass that may appear in the foreign journals. I should wish the *Musical World* to contain all these documents, so that, in after times, it may be referred to with advantage, as the deposit of every particular that concerns Mendelssohn’s music or Mendelssohn’s self; that our children may read, learn, know how the man was as simple, generous, and good, as the musician was gifted, accomplished, and profound. I shall also consult all the biographies and memoirs I can lay hands upon, and send them to you, translated—even the sketch of M. Fétis, which is, without exception, the most unsatisfactory as to details, incorrect as to dates, and shallow as to criticism, of any notice, of any artist, by any critic, that ever came under my inspection. If this be a specimen of the vaunted masterpiece of the heaviest of pundits, and most dogmatic of system-makers, Heaven help the purchasers. Among other facts, we are told that M. Fétis “thinks that Mendelssohn, during his second visit to London, wrote an *English Opera*!”—as though such an event were of so little consequence that it could possibly be a matter of uncertainty—an event, forsooth, that, had it occurred, would have formed an era in the art.

Before quitting this engrossing subject, once more, for the present, I must call your attention to the article on Mendelssohn which appeared in *La France Musicale*, signed J. Martin d’Angers. I have nothing to urge against the feeling which influenced the writer while drawing up his hasty sketch, in order not to be behind-hand with his cotemporaries; but can anything be adduced which more substantially justifies what I have elsewhere said, in respect to the frivolity and ignorance of the French musicians and musical critics in general, than the mere fact that a sensible and elegant writer like M. d’Angers, in the course of an apostrophe to the genius of the departed Mendelssohn should lower him by association with such names as Herold, Bellini, Donizetti, Monpou, and Verdi? What can be M. Martin d’Angers’s ideas of art I have not the pretension to fathom; but certes, his notion of Mendelssohn must be a very odd one, if he can find, with all the adventitious help of crazy French philosophy, any kind of analogy in those apostles of a creed so different from that of the mighty German, whose death is the barrier that stops the march of the art, until another like himself shall come and overleap it. There is enough in the article, however, to authorise your giving it a corner in the *Musical World*, with some few commentaries that may act as antidotes to the poison it contains; with these I will shortly furnish you. Meanwhile, the following passage is sufficiently interesting to be made use of at once:—

“In the winter of 1830, Mendelssohn came to Paris, and performed a concerto of Beethoven at the concerts of the *Conservatoire*. He was still in our capital when the *cholera* burst forth like thunder. Mendelssohn, who was of a timid disposition and constitutionally very nervous, having, moreover, already experienced the first symptoms of that affection of the heart to which he subsequently fell a victim—Mendelssohn, I say, was so terrified at the ravages of the cruel epidemic, that he hastily finished the corrections of a new edition of his third quartet, published by Richault, hurriedly took leave of his friends, and parted, in all haste, for London. Since that time he has never visited Paris.”

Mendelssohn’s disregard for Paris has often been the theme of discussion. While easily comprehending and sympathising with his reasons, I am still willing to believe that his indifference was not altogether warranted, and am certain that a season passed in Paris would have made him as personally popular there as in his own country, or in England; and it cannot be denied that personal popularity has no small share in the distribution of artistic fame; but it is now too late!

\* \* \* \* \*

In my last letter you spelt the name of Mdle. Masson wrong—it stands *Manon* in your version; I presume you were thinking of *Manon L’Escaut*. I am not sorry, however, that the necessity of correcting you calls attention once more to this agreeable and clever artist, one of the best of the Opera troupe, who has some notion of paying London a visit in the concert season of 1848; if she carry her threat into effect she is likely to make many friends in London, being a charming and unaffected person no less than an accomplished artist. In their present dearth, I cannot imagine what the *Académie* powers would do without Mdle. Masson, who, in *Charles VI*, and the *Favorite*, supplies them with the only means of drawing 1000 francs to the theatre on the off-Cerito nights. Poultier has succeeded Duprez in the *Favorite*; the great tenor, having an important part in Verdi’s *Jerusalem*—which is now positively announced for the day after tomorrow—must not be fatigued, or his voice will be wanting when it should be in full shouting trim. You know the peculiarities of Verdi’s method, which have unvoiced half Italy, while the other half stands on its defence, and defies

the lung-cracking *maestro*—its weapon being a certain clause in engagements with *impresarii*, exonerating it from screaming in young Verdi's *chefs d'œuvre*. Of this, however, I have spoken before; but it does my heart good to dwell upon it. An immense success is hoped for *Jerusalem*; the *mise-en-scène*, and everything but the music is said to be magnificent; the music you know to be the score of *I Lombardi*, with three new pieces, *intercalés*:—an air for Duprez, in which the illustrious little king of tenors *di forza*, absolutely shakes the roof of the building; a short duet for Duprez and Mdle. Julia Elisa van Gelder, the new *soprano*—from whom nothing is expected (*entre nous*); and a new chorus in one of the finales, the original having been pronounced, by M. M. Girard Duponchel and Nestor Roqueplan, too like the *Marseillaise*. Cerito's engagement has, I believe, been profitable to the Opera; it soon terminates however, and we shall then have Carlotta back from Brussels with the new ballet of Adolphe Adam.

Among the promised novelties are a good five-act opera, by Auber and Scribe, called *L'Enfant Prodige*, the last which the celebrated and long-associated *duad* will undertake together, and thereby alone doubly interesting; this will be produced in the height of the season of course; it is too important an affair to be huddled among the *canards*.

At the *Opera Comique* there has been nothing new but a one-act opera, called *Le Braconnier*, the music of which is supplied by M. Gustave Héquet, the musical critic of *Le National*, who has long, it appears, pined for the distinction of being criticised, in contradistinction to criticising. From the praises that have been lavished upon this trifle one would imagine that it was something singularly out of the common way; but, with the best intentions possible, I have been able to find nothing in it—not more than in the *Gastibelza* of M. Maillart, (*prix de Rome*!), which constitutes the *delices* of the *Boulevard du Temple*, at the *Opera National*, and of M. Fiorentino, at the *bureau of the Constitutionnel*. I heard *La Sirène*, last night, at the *Opera Comique*; an apology was made for Roger, on the plea of hoarseness and cold; but it was hardly necessary; he sang with exquisite taste, and among the loudest and most constant of his applauders was Meyerbeer, who remained throughout the opera. You know the music of *La Sirène*, and what rank it deserves to hold among the works of Auber; I am therefore saved the task, not too agreeable, of analysing it. Of the other performers and the general effect of the opera I have nothing to say.

Letters have been received at Paris from Liszt; the celebrated pianist is now at St. Petersburg; his tour in Turkey has turned out one of the most profitable he ever made, and he has deposited a comfortable sum of money at his banker's in Paris; he has also had the good sense to send some cigars to his friends here—and such cigars!—enough to drive away all the blue devils that ever tormented you. J. J. has a supply of them, but he will not have them long. Liszt entertains the idea of coming to England next May, and remaining during the London season.

M. Meyerbeer assures me that there is no truth in the report of his having written, or intending to write, a one-act opera for Her Majesty's Theatre. At Berlin Mr. Lumley proposed to him to come to England, and conduct the *Camp of Silesia*, which on the pledge of certain necessary arrangements, orchestral, choral, and dramatis-personaical, M. Meyerbeer consents to do—but, without the absolute assurance of these arrangements, *not at all*.

Of course you are aware that Miss Birch, disgusted with the unworthy treatment she has experienced, has quitted

Paris and resigned her engagement, whereby she has voluntarily made a very considerable sacrifice. The articles in the London papers produced an unexpected effect upon the authorities here, and Miss Birch, to her great astonishment was served with a notice, on Wednesday, to appear in *Guillaume Tell* on Monday. After what had passed, however, this sudden change of tactics on the part of the magnanimous duumvirate was rather too suspicious, and Miss Birch, warily and wisely, after a consultation with competent advisers, resolved, instead of obeying the summons, to take a very opposite course of proceeding; and so, with little more ado, "she made herself ready, and set sail for England." The directors are furious at being thus overreached, and vow vengeance inextinguishable; but *what* can they do?—and, indeed, supposing them silly enough (which I do not suppose them) to go to law, what damages would be awarded them in an English court?—*one farthing*! M. Fiorentino has been very witty on the subject in his last *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*; he has satirised the whole English nation, with Miss Birch and the Editor of the *Musical World* as the representatives; also, without intending it, he has satirised the directors of the opera, MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, who will scarcely be satisfied with the article of the malicious Italian, supposing them long-headed enough to get to the bottom of it—which, as M. Roqueplan acquired his first distinction in the pages of the once popular but now defunct journal, *Figaro*, is not absolutely impossible. But, whatever way the article of M. Fiorentino be interpreted, Miss Birch, our country-woman, having got safe away from a very equivocal position, we of the English nation can afford him full license for his wit.

I must not close my letter without telling you that I was lately present at a very agreeable *soirée*, at the house of Mr. George Osborne, where several of that gentleman's compositions were performed, by M. M. Ehrmann, Franchomme and himself in the presence of M. Meyerbeer and a select audience. M. Meyerbeer expressed himself highly gratified with the works of our compatriot.

And now good bye for the present—Yours as ever—D.

#### DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN's grand annual *Bal Masqué* was held at this theatre on Monday evening, and formed a splendid wind-up to his concert season. The decorations and fittings evidenced the same costliness, magnificence, and taste, that formerly characterised these entertainments; whilst the same propriety, owing to the care and providence of the managers, reigned throughout the evening. The visitors, in point of number, according to our estimate, exceeded that of any preceding *Bal Masqué*; and the costumes, certainly, surpassed those of any former occasion. The theatre in reality presented a most dazzling appearance, and brought back to us the true days of the Masquerade, of which Fielding, Richardson, and Charlotte Smith have left us such brilliant accounts. But not the promenade only, the boxes, private and public, were filled with splendidly dressed ladies, and gentlemen *en grande tenue*. The house was crowded in every part, and afforded to the spectators a *coup d'œil* which cannot readily be conceived. Dancing commenced at a little past ten, and did not leave off until five.

And now that M. Jullien has concluded his concert season, which has been as successful as his most sanguine wishes could demand, let us say a word or two respecting his prospects in the forthcoming operatic season, which is close at hand, and the success of which involves the fortunes of so



many who have embarked in the same boat with the bold and enterprising manager. M. Jullien's prospectus has not yet been issued, but the public already makes a good guess at his intentions, and the manner in which Drury Lane, or "The Royal Academy of Music," as it is about to be dubbed, will be conducted. It is already well known that M. Jullien has provided an orchestra of surpassing magnitude and excellence, a chorus numbering more than a hundred, and selected from the first choral singers in England, a band of principals, comprising not merely the first native, but a selection of the first continental talent; and that he has employed our most established composers, such as Balfe, Macfarren, and Loder, to write new operas, especially, for the new Academy. All this is well known, and the knowledge nullifies all blame; but as the ingenious are seldom at a loss to pick a hole in a new coat, it has been lately given out by sundry wiseacres, that it is impossible for Drury Lane to succeed, the expenses being more than enough to ingulph all the receipts. There is a slight miscalculation here. At the prices for Drury Lane provided by the present management, which are moderate enough to suit all classes, the receipts, if the theatre, were half full, would meet the current expenses. This has been, we are given to understand, calculated to a certainty. The question now is, whether the public will find sufficient attraction in M. Jullien's theatre to go there in crowds. We acknowledge that the undertaking involves a vast and unprecedented expense in an English theatre, and that such an undertaking, from its weight, would inevitably fall did it take place in any other city of the British dominion, save London. But, be it remembered, that in London there are more than two millions of people, that this vast crowd, important from its very magnitude, requires a proportionate amplitude in its entertainments, and can be only roused from its lethargy by some great moving power. It is also to be added, that *novelty* has immense sway with the mobs, democratic or aristocratic, of London. Now M. Jullien's undertaking is both novel and great, and, in our opinion, provides thereby the chiefest elements of success. With a magnificent orchestra and complete chorus; with an efficient *corps* of principals; with a *mise en scene*, scenery, decorations, and costume of the most costly and appropriate kind, it is impossible that the new Academy can fail. We have no doubt that M. Jullien will find oppositionists even perhaps among members of the press; but as long as we feel assured that M. Jullien meditates upholding the art musical in its highest department, and, above all, *rescuing English talent from unmerited neglect*, so long may he reckon upon our warmest wishes for his success, and so long shall we advance his cause, our cause, musical England's cause, by every effort of our pen. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" but it sometimes happens that success will follow merit, and that the end will crown the means. That it will be so with the new Academy is both our hope and our expectation.

### A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goëthe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,  
DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,  
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röttscher,  
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued from page 738.)

#### THE ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION OF "THE AFFINITIES."

THE whole breadth of the relations, and of the moral consciousness, is now formed before us with a prospect of the peculiar consequences and different development of the single individuals.

As from the point of view of the Count and the Baroness, the conception of marriage, as a substantial power, yields to the destructive *raisonnement* of their understanding; so for their consciousness the full enjoyment of pleasure, without any feeling of guilt and repentance is a necessary consequence, which they readily and quite harmlessly take to themselves, since with them their own inclinations alone justify them in plucking the fruit to its full extent. This is signified by the poet in that desire of the Count, expressed without any embarrassment, to be conducted to the Baroness, a wish which as little surprises us, as it is offensive to individuals at this point of view.

On the other hand, on the side of Charlotte and Edward, the contradiction between the feelings and the moral consciousness has already appeared. Their souls are filled with an image which is imprinted with such sharp traces that every other form falls back in comparison. By their involuntary contemplation of the image of the beloved being, by this forming power of their fancy, which extends beyond all will, the despotic natural force of feeling is most clearly expressed. Chance makes this appear, and in this calls forth guilt. Feeling, so far as it at all takes a place within us, at the expense of our moral consciousness, is no longer master of the measure of its development: chance and particular circumstances can just as much hinder it from stepping forth into existence from the sphere of the interior, as it can summon it to appear, and thus convert it into a fearful injury. Chance is that which withdraws itself from all imputation, and which therefore man cannot accuse, if by his guilty feelings he is impelled to utterance and to action. Here also do the feelings gain their rights, and man does not properly find that he is a violator of moral laws, until his thought has been converted into an act. This chance our poet has most admirably turned to account for the sake of unfolding the guilt of thought.

How little far-fetched is all that occurs! Edward conducts the Count to his mistress, he hears the name of Ottilia as he passes Charlotte's chamber, he perceives that she is employed for him, fancy once more summons in the most living colors, her image, which perhaps had receded for a moment, and being directed back to himself by the darkness, he sees her completely before him. Charlotte, on her side, is occupied with thoughts of her friend; the certainty that she has lost him plunges her into pain, her strong soul is overcome for a moment. In this mood, while each of them is absorbed in the thoughts of a beloved being, and completely filled by them, the married pair meet. Chance has mysteriously woven the bond which entwines them, so that in their secret abandonment they do not suspect how in appearance they belong to each other by a moral union, but in reality by an immoral contact. Here the soul within appears most strikingly as the source of all guilt and sin. "Day seems to break forebodingly upon the waking Edward, and to shine upon a crime."

The first violation of marriage has taken place. It has been accomplished in the region of fancy, and appears as the most involuntary and immediate expression of a natural force in opposition to the moral power. Although this violation is only internal, although it has the fancy alone for its soil, it is, at the same time, real, and that because it appears in a region which has the feeling and the purer qualities of the mind essentially for its root, and from this produces its whole form. In marriage, where the moral unity is still a natural one, which has the sensual element for its foundation, the mutual resignation is, as it were, sullied as soon as a contradiction appears between the appearance and the thoughts, which animate the former. This moral lie rests upon the delusion, which forces itself on each of the married pair, since they both fancy themselves grasped and penetrated, each by the whole being of the other, and each deceives the other with the same fancy. The shocking peculiarity of this sin in thought consists in this, that each, with his whole personality, resigns himself to the other, in the most perfect lie, and, as it were, receives himself back with thorough untruth. It is impossible to extol sufficiently the depth of moral consciousness, which in the artistic exhibition of the contest between natural force and morality in the region of marriage, pursues a wrong against marriage into the very bosom of internalness, and in a fancy which forms as mightily and as involuntarily, as a natural force brings to view the first trait of a great breach and a tragic crime.

Of this crime, which yet takes place in the region of fancy and internalness, the progress to outward manifestation is but a necessary consequence. The real wrong is only produced by the ideal wrong, which, properly speaking, is only transformed into the former. Hence the external wrong, the real breach, follows close upon the track of the sinful embraces in the order of the work. As one does not perceive a wrong until the thoughts are converted into real actions, but deceives one's-self as to one's own condition, until this is shewn in a real manifest wrong, so are Charlotte and Edward, after their nocturnal meeting, so completely wrapped up in self-delusion, that they regard the favor they have bestowed upon each other as a married pair, as a breach in their relation to the beloved ones. While "the Count and Baroness met with the cheerful ease of two lovers, who, after enduring a separation, once more assure themselves of their mutual affection, so did Charlotte and Edward, with feelings of shame and penitence, meet the Captain and Ottilia; for such is the nature of love, that it fancies that it also possesses rights, and that all other rights vanish before it." In these words lies the full perversion of the moral consciousness of both the married pair, since, in their delusion, the deception only seems to be practised against those, whom they had inwardly present, without a reality corresponding to their fancy. Of this perversion of the moral consciousness, the real violation of marriage, which immediately follows, is but a consequence, which appears at the very moment when the individuals are unguardedly brought together by chance.

But it is only the real injury that can enlighten the individual exposed to the natural force as to himself. Here, if at all, he first perceives the guilt into which he has fallen, it is not until the immoral feeling is brought to the light of day, and embodied in an external act, that it can show itself in its true form to the deluded subject, and summon him to self-contemplation. This effect is produced by that resignation of Charlotte to her beloved friend, which occurs in an unguarded moment, and in which properly speaking, the wrong which has been committed in imagination is only continued and endowed with a visible form. How Charlotte makes this moment profitable for her whole moral existence, and therefore decides on an utter renunciation of the cheering presence of her friend, with the consequences that arise from this regeneration, has already been completely shown in characterising Charlotte, and we therefore refer to the former part. Here, we have only to point out the difference which is shown in the resignation of Edward and Ottilia to each other, as a contrast to that of Charlotte and the Captain, considered as an artistic representation.

Charlotte is surprised by the circumstances; Edward strives to bring the meeting about. Charlotte's wrong is confined to a momentary, involuntary resignation to the friend, whose expressions of tenderness she only tolerates, but from whom, as soon as she comes to herself, she tears herself with self-conscious strength. But Edward is so lost in Ottilia, that it is only in her he becomes conscious of himself; nay, that he allows himself to be transported to the impassioned exclamation: "Thou lovest me, Ottilia;" and, in this transporting certainty, folds her in his arms as a beloved being who belongs to him from her very nature. Here the breach is really complete; and the Elective Affinity of the heart is brought into determined contest with the moral power of marriage. From this moment, the destinies and the internal emotions of Charlotte and Edward are completely sundered. Charlotte morally regenerated, increases in moral dignity and clearness every instant, and, with self-conscious mind, perfectly heals the wrong. Edward is abandoned to an unhappy mood, which wavers between pain and rapture, and which plunges him deeper and deeper into guilt.

The poet, in a fine trait, has indicated the regained mastery and moral clearness of Charlotte and the Captain. Both mutually declare themselves on the subject of Edward's passion—both work in common to heal it. This would have been impossible, had they not regained their moral calmness—and is, indeed, the first inducer of it. Charlotte only deceives herself in this, that taking the moral standard from herself, she hopes to restrain a relation which already, through its intrusive strength, scorns any outward remedy. This partial love even estranges Ottilia from Charlotte and the Captain; the kindred being feels every blame expressed against Edward as though it were an injury done to herself. Edward, on his part,

becomes estranged from Charlotte, when he asks Ottilia to maintain a secret correspondence, and thus giving a clandestine character to his relation with the latter, tacitly acknowledges it as a wrong, from which, however, he will not free himself.

At this moment, what a picture is afforded by the two relations of Elective Affinity. Charlotte, though secured by her internal strength against the storm of natural force, nevertheless feels that she cannot resign herself to an unconditioned security, and this warning of her own is her protection; the Captain has completely collected himself, and is completely restored. Ottilia, in a beautiful innocence, does not suspect the guilt in which she is involved, because in her love she is a perfect child of Nature. Love, therefore, makes her more cheerful in her actions, and more frank towards others; Edward, at last, unchained by his passionate abandonment to Ottilia, feels the conflict into which he has fallen, without having the will to solve it for the sake of the moral power. Hence he alone is exposed to a restless existence, and with stormy impetuosity continues his position.

In the work of art before us, the exhibition of Edward's mental state, of this living feeling, which tortures amid all the happiness of love, is brought forward, because it is important for the poet to complete on every side the picture of this discord. According to the sketch last made of the different individuals, an internal progression is only possible on the side of Edward, and hence the action is naturally further developed in the exhibition of Edward's state of mind. The art of the poetical exhibition principally consists in this, that every event, every phenomenon, however contingent, is placed in an internal relation to Edward's state of mind, and therefore in some way forms it, and serves for a revelation of it. Thus, his deeply moved soul sees, in the accidental coincidence of the day and year, when he planted the trees, with those of Ottilia's birth, a wonderful harmony, which for him is naturally perverted into a higher confirmation of his Elective Affinity.

But, herein lies the peculiarity of this mental constitution, that it only puts a favourable chance in an internal relation to its own mind, and therein, as it were, finds a confirmation of its higher right, while it does not allow a disturbing event to force it to self-contemplation, or even recognise in it a warning voice. The poet has excellently painted the contradiction here indicated by this trait; the interruption to the festivities on Ottilia's birthday, caused by the accident to the boy, who is only saved by the courage of the Captain at his own peril—this event is perceived by Edward, without any reference to his love for Ottilia, and almost without sympathy; nay, while he urgently insists on the continuation of the feast, and the exhibition of the fire-works, he finds a sort of consolation, which, even in the surprising occurrence, he perceives a furtherance of his connection with Ottilia.

As in these traits Edward appears perfectly selfish, and ruled by his passion alone, the warning voice of Charlotte can produce no farther effect. This conversation, which has been already discussed in the development of the character, is the perfect proof how much Edward is estranged from the moral soil of his relation to Charlotte. Hence, it is clearly followed by Edward's departure, which is, properly speaking, a flight from himself and his moral existence. Thus, the relation of Edward to Charlotte, which is already mentally broken by Edward's passion, is now further destroyed by the separation of space. Here, in the distance, forced from the oppressive witnesses of his continued guilt, the whole power of his pain and happiness bursts forth, and in eloquent effusions vents itself against the inexorably but seriously warning Mittler. The flight from home is followed by the desperate resolution of seeking death in battle to terminate an existence which has become insupportable by the contradiction between his wishes and reality. Edward's development has here, in a certain measure, reached its key-stone. Led on through all the turns of an ever-increasing passion, even to a desire of death, Edward is as yet no more able to absorb the interest in the development of the work, which at last turns upon him almost exclusively. A world, new in every respect, is thus opened, an internal one, by means of Ottilia, who, after Edward's departure, is completely thrown back upon herself, and an external one, through the increasing circle in Charlotte's house, by which entirely new elements are excited.

(To be continued.)

\*To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

## SONNET.

No. LXI.

Is any happiness for me in store?  
 I mean not that short joy which wildly flashes,  
 Like flame, which bursts amid the smould'ring ashes,  
 Then fades, to leave all darker than before.  
 I mean that calmness, when the strife is o'er,  
 When to mere painless scars are chang'd life's gashes,  
 When the wild wave, that in the distance dashes,  
 Makes music for us, having reach'd the shore.  
 The wound which I endur'd so long is heal'd,  
 That bitter wound, which past all healing seem'd,  
 Which so consum'd me in an inward strife,  
 That I could take no interest in the field  
 Spread for our act, but all a mock'ry deem'd.  
 I can live now,—but for what end is life?

N. D.

## AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 709.)

THE foregoing history of elementary sounds, and of the radical and vanishing function, will enable us to explain the nature of Syllabication. What are the operations of the voice that produce the characteristics of syllables?

What determines their length?

Why are syllables limited in length otherwise than by the term of expiration? and what produces the ordinary length of them where there is no obstruction to the further continuation of the sound of tonic and subtonic elements?

And, finally, what prescribes the rule which ordains but one accent to a syllable?

I shall endeavour to answer these questions concisely and in their order. That limited portion of voice called a syllable is the necessary effect of the radical and vanishing movement: and it will be shown that every syllable, consisting of one or more, elementary sounds, derives its singleness of impulse, and its respective length, from the modification which this concrete movement receives under the varied influence of the tonic, subtonic, and atonic elements. As the reader cannot have vocal exemplification of this subject, the argument contained in the following inferences must be illustrated by his own experimental trials. If the concrete movement of the voice through a tone or other interval is the essential function of a syllable, it follows that each of the tonic sounds may by itself make a syllable: since these cannot be pronounced singly without going through the radical and vanishing movement. Now the tonics, either in the form of words or as interjective particulars, are often employed as mono-literal syllables. It follows also, from the assumed causation of a syllable, that two tonics cannot be united into one vocal impulse; for each having by nature its own radical and vanish, they must produce two syllables. Consistently with this we find that whenever two elementary tonics are in sequence, they always belong to separate syllables in pronunciation. If the concrete function of the voice alone constitutes a syllable, it follows that the atonics, from being incapable of that function, cannot make a new and distinct impulse when joined with the tonics. The word *speaks* exhibits the meaning of this inference; for the syllabic function is here made on the tonic *ee*-l, whilst *s*, *p*, *k*, and *s*, add to the time, but do not destroy the monosyllabic character of that word. The sound is not, indeed, so gliding and equable as on a single tonic, which shows a syllable in its purest form; yet the slight obstruction to the singleness of impulse is very different from the threefold emphatic division heard in the word *Ohio*. For if this be properly pronounced, that is, if each of the three tonics receive its radical and vanish, it will be impossible to condense them into one impulse or syllable. In answer to the first question then: It is the concrete movement of the elementary sounds, or the radical and vanishing function, modified by the several elements, which produces the characteristics of those impulses of speech called syllables?

Syllables are of different lengths. Is this an arbitrary variation? or is it the unavoidable product of the properties of the elementary sounds?

This question is not asked in reference to prosodial quantities;

nor to those emphatic variations of voice that give force or solemnity to oratorical expression. It regards especially the difference of length in syllables, which is created by their literal constituents; for it will be shown that their limits are determined by the arrangement of these. In order to render this subject perspicuous, let us take a synthetic view of the literal series in words. Several of the tonics, individually form English syllables: as in *a*-ble, *e*-dict, *awe*-ful. These exhibit the syllabic impulse of the radical, and vanish in its simple condition: and their length may equal that of the time of the expiration. But elements cannot be compounded, with a view to lengthen a syllable, by the addition of one tonic to another; for this would produce a new and separate impulse. The compounding of elements, which influences the length of syllables, is made under the following circumstances of their nature and position. If to the element *a*-le the atonic *f* be prefixed, the syllable *fa* will be formed, with the concrete rise on *a* preceded by the aspiration. If to these the atonic *s* be subjoined, the word *fas*, (*face*) will be longer than the element *a*; still the triple compound will be one syllable, since it can have only one concrete rise. For though these two atonics may be clearly heard, as part of the length of the syllable, yet being incapable of the concrete function, the transition through the given interval is made altogether on *a*, as if the word consisted of that element alone. The addition of atonics to tonics, is then the first mode of increasing the length of a syllable, without destroying its singleness of impulse.

(To be continued.)

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MADRID, Nov. 9.—Jules Schulhoff, the celebrated pianist and composer, has arrived in this city; since his departure from London, he has made an extensive musical tour, in company with Seligmann, the celebrated violoncellist, via Paris, the Pyrenees, Pau, and Bayonne. He has been every where most enthusiastically received by the musical public, and his début in Madrid, which takes place on Thursday, the 11th inst., at the Court, is anxiously looked for. He has already announced to give several concerts. After leaving Madrid he intends retiring, either to Nice or Pau, for the purpose of devoting himself to composition.

HANOVER, Nov. 22.—In our musical horizon we have had latterly no variety; the dullness was broken, fortunately, by a star of shining brilliancy, a Mademoiselle Marra, a native of Kreuznach, who, I hear, intends visiting your metropolis, at no distant period of time. Mademoiselle Marra made her début here in Donizetti's sprightly Opera "*Der Liebestrank*," and received the homage of the audience by being "re-called" four times. She has a soprano, of great extent and sweetness, and her elegant and cultivated taste, and brilliant execution, shone forth particularly in shakes of extraordinary purity, that perfectly electrified the audience. This evening she appears in "*Die Nachtwandlerinn*;" but as I am leaving this afternoon for Brunswick, I shall not be able to give an account of her performance of Amina. On Saturday I was present at a concert, given by J. Strauss, the celebrated author of the "*Philomelen* and *Elizabethen Walzer*." He had a band of thirty-six performers of his own, who, as you may suppose, acquitted themselves with every possible precision and execution, under their talented leader. An overture, by Ercel, called "*Hunjadi Lazclo*," displayed considerable invention, and a thorough knowledge of orchestral effects, whilst his melodies are both good, and free from vulgarisms; the only fault in the overture is its great length. Beethoven's inimitable overture to "*Leonore*" was played with much finish. The *Philomelen* Walzer appeared as fresh as ever, and will outlive many of Strauss's later productions; although, it is not to be denied that the "*Larely Walzer*"



possesses much of the genius of Strauss; yet his Potpourri's, consisting of various popular motives, delighted the audience most. I ought not, however, to omit to mention, that the beautiful composition, by C. M. Von Weber, called the "Invitation pour la danse," adapted for an orchestra, equally shared their encomiums. M. Strauss has departed for Magdeburg and Berlin, and in a week intends being in Vienna. His Majesty King Ernest, who looked remarkably well, the Crown Prince, and Crown Princess, and the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, &c. &c. honoured M. Strauss's concert with their presence. The new theatre will be finished the end of 1849; it will be the most complete, and at the same time one of the most beautiful specimens of modern architecture; it is being erected under the guidance of its clever architect, M. Laves. A. F.

## REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"*Twelve Grand Sinfonies*," from the *Posthumous Works of W. A. MOZART*, now first published, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, by C. CZERNY, No. 13.—EWER & CO.

This sinfonia is in C minor, and according to Mr. Ewer's statistics, forms No. 13 of the composer's collection, and was published in 1773. This sinfonia has infinite interest for us. From the character of the *andante* and *menuetto* with *trio*, it appears to have been written antecedent to most of the author's published sinfonies. We need hardly recommend the work—it is written by Mozart. The arrangements for four hands are effectively executed. When the whole twelve have been published and sent us for review, we shall devote a leading article to the posthumous works of the composer.

"*Chautau's Family Pianoforte Magazine*," Part III., containing ten pieces, to prepare the pupil for playing the works of Bach and Handel.—Family Pianoforte Magazine Office, Alfred-place, Bedford-square.

We have, in our notices of Parts I. and II. commended this work as well adapted to the practitioner. The Family Pianoforte Magazine improves as it advances. The present number contains some capitally written instructions preparatory to the playing of the works of Handel and Bach. Of course the performers must needs be somewhat advanced in their studies. The ten *morceaux* of Part III. comprise duets, preludes, imitations, &c. and one piece as a *fuguetta*. The work is worthy of the best support, and will be found most useful in rudimental teaching.

"*The Albion Waltz*," composed by CARL HÖCHST.—LEADER & COCK.

A pretty, if not a captivating *piece de danse*. To the performer this will prove one of the easiest to play and remember. It presents no difficulty whatever in the execution.

"*Kathleen is gone*," Irish Ballad, written by GEORGE L. NLEY; the music composed by WALTER MAYNARD.—LEADER & COCK.

Excepting that it is as un-Irish as it can be, the music of this song deserves commendation. It is simple and vocal, and therein rests its praise. The words, we beg pardon, the poetry is undeserving of any serious criticism. It is to be lamented, how oft do we repeat it, that ballad writers do not adhere to their own calling, and not meddle with the muse that disdains to smile on them. The unfortunate adapter of the words is the chief sufferer. There is nothing in the Ballad *Irish* but the name of Kathleen; even the pretty border round the title-page disowns the Shamrock. So much for English Irish songs.

"*Album of Foreign Dance Music for 1848*," dedicated to LADY BEATRICE FRANCIS HAMILTON.—COCKS & CO., Burlington-street.

This album, though it has none of the gorgeous and golden embellishments of modern productions of its class, is, nevertheless, extremely neat and elegant. The contents are confined solely to dance-music, and comprise compositions from the most popular writers, including the name of Schubert, Strauss, Labitzky, Rosellen, Schulhoff, Redler, Santos, Goria, Marcellhou, &c. The names of these writers proclaim at once the superior merit of the work, and, as far as we have been enabled to judge, the selection of music has

been made with great care. The album is illustrated with four drawings on stone; and the cover and title-page are beautifully set off with picturesques devices and designs. To the patronizers of dance-music this album will prove a most useful volume; independent of which it would make a choice and tasteful present to a lady on her birth-day; or would no less form an elegant Christmas or new year's gift.

"*The world is fair*;" No. 356, of WESSEL & Co's *German Songs*, for voice and piano: the English version of the words by LEOPOLD WRAY, Esq., music composed by ADOLPH GOLLMICK.—WESSEL & CO.

A capital bass song, and would suit our correspondents admirably who have made enquiries lately respecting songs of this class. As a composition, it has besides, considerable merit, being both luminous and captivating.

"*The Warrior's Serenade*;" Cavatina. Written by CHRISTOPHER JAMES RIETHMULLER, Esq. the Music composed by ALPHONSO MATTHEY.—WESSEL and Co.

This is a very spirited song, and is admirably adapted for a baritone, or low tenor voice. We have seldom met with a song that would be more effective for a manly voice in a drawing-room. Alphonso Matthey has written excellently to words which are of themselves sufficiently inspiring.

"*Clara's Dream*;" Written and Composed by the author of "*List! 'tis the parting hour*."—J. WILLIAMS, Cheapside.

The air of this ballad is common, but it is tuneable, and would not make a bad essay for a learner.

"*The Kinnoull Polka*," for the Pianoforte, composed and dedicated to LADY SARAH KAY, by SUSAN C. DOMETT.—JULLIEN & CO.

We have much pleasure in bestowing our praises on this composition, since it is the production of a lady and a young one. The subject is new and graceful, and the arrangement most promising. We should decidedly advise this young lady to continue her studies in composition, for though the above be a mere trifle, trifles not infrequently give indications of a higher power than may be expended in their inditing.

"*Souvenir de Cheltenham*," Waltzes for the pianoforte, composed and dedicated to MRS. THEODORE MUNRO, by SUSAN C. DOMETT.—JULLIEN & CO.

Simplicity and neatness are the characteristics of these waltzes. They will, doubtless, find favor in the eyes of the fair sex, who prefer the light and pleasing to the grand and erudite.

"*A favorite March*," performed by the band of Her Majesty's 14th Regt. of Light Dragoons. Arranged for the pianoforte, by ALFRED WHITEHEAD.—A. WHITEHEAD, Gloucester.

This composition does the author much credit. The theme is martial and striking, and the arrangement for the piano well handled.

"*Ten double Chants and five Psalm Tunes*," for the organ or pianoforte; to which are added "*Three Hymn Tunes*," composed to words in the *United Brethren Hymn Book*, by MARTIN HURST HODGES. J. ALFRED NOVELLO.

The eighteen chants, psalms, and hymns, are comprised in four pages. This little work is deserving of support, and would be found highly beneficial in teaching church choirs, as the voice parts might be easily taken down from the arrangements of the several chants and psalms, the particular psalm being prefixed to each tune. These will also serve as exercises for a practitioner on the organ. It would perhaps have been better to have provided the words with each tune.

"*Trois Recreations pour les Eleves*," for concertina and pianoforte, No. 2. composed by GUILIO REGONDI. S. SCATES, New Bond Street.

We dislike excessively the affectation of using French terms for pieces of music, and have not the slightest idea what purpose they can serve. We conscientiously believe that neither Mr. Regondi

would suffer in his name as a writer, nor that Mr. Seates would sell one number the less of the above composition, if it were termed "Three Recreations for Pupils." This is the only fault we have to find. Though no proficient ourselves on the concertina, we have never failed to admire Mr. Regondi's admirable performance, and are inclined to imagine that to his playing, the progress the instrument has made of late is chiefly owing. The above-named morceau is an exercise for concertina and pianoforte, arranged in the simplest manner possible. It is intended for a beginner on the instrument, and the composer has therefore set down the double notes scantily. The subject is a pleasing *andantino*, followed by a *cantabile*, the style being best adapted to the performance of an instrument like the concertina.

"*False Elegante*," in *Forme de Rondeletto*, for the pianoforte, composed by MARTIN HURST HODGES. CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.

A sparkling and showy *morceau*, and very nicely arranged. The fair pianist will find this a neat composition to set off her executancy to the best advantage. We have just now found fault with the use of French terms in an English composition. This is still more objectionable, having both French and Italian on the title-page. We must endeavour to reform this absurdity.

"*My Faint Spirit*," Sung by MRS. A. NEWTON and MISS BASSANO. The Poetry by SHELLEY; the Music composed by HOWARD GLOVER.—JULLIEN and Co.

This is certainly one of the best songs we have seen of this composer. The spirit of the great poet is happily caught, the subject being graceful and extremely elegant, and the arrangements highly characteristic. Mr. Howard Glover evidently thinks before he writes.

"*Love Wakes and Weeps*," Serenade, sung by Mr. ALLEN, &c. &c. The poetry by SIR WALTER SCOTT; the music by HOWARD GLOVER.—C. JEFFERYS, Soho Square.

There is something very like the work of an artist in this song. Howard Glover is not merely a musician, but writes to his poetry with great truth and feeling. The serenade is excellent every way. It is set in the rich key of A flat, in 3-4 time, and is restricted, in the pianoforte arrangement, to the compass of moderate voices. The singer, however, will not find it too easy to take the F in the first bar. In the fifth bar Mr. Glover should have avoided accenting the second syllable in the word "numbers." We can cordially give our best recommendation to Mr. Howard Glover's serenade.

"The song of Attila," from the "Deutsche Lyra;" a collection of the classical songs of Germany, as sung at the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, and at Jullien's Concerts, by HERR FISCHER, Vol. II. No. 46. Poetry by STEINMANN, translated by ARCHER GURNEY. Music by HOWARD GLOVER. JULLIEN & CO.

We suspect there is something of an Irish bull here. The classical songs of Germany, and Mr. Howard Glover, one of the composers. Certainly Mr. Glover's "Song of Attila," is as Germanic as any song of the set we have seen; but until we saw this song, we thought the *morceaux* introduced into the DEUTSCHE LYRA, were all by indigenous writers from the Germanic States. Perhaps Herr Fischer's singing Mr. Howard Glover's song—that is if he did sing it—has made it German. The song of Attila is truly a classical song, and exhibits the author as an accomplished writer for the voice, and as one thoroughly versed in the points and effects now universally demanded in song writing. As for ourselves we prefer something more simple, more spontaneous, and which would smack less of elaboration and display; but as Mr. Glover had to indite a German song, these of course could not be dispensed with, or his muse would have dwindled down into plain English.

#### OPERATIC STARS.

##### NO. III.—PERSIANI.

IF, in commenting on a vocalist, we were to omit the physical qualities of power, beauty of tone, and purity of intonation, which are free gifts from nature and cannot be acquired,

reserving only such as labour, perseverance, and talent can supply, we should have no hesitation in placing Persiani among the greatest singers in the roll of Fame. But nature has been more bountiful to the fair artiste mentally than physically. Her organ is deficient in power, and an occasional incertitude in the intonation injures the finest efforts of this all-accomplished vocalist. Madame Persiani's voice is a high soprano, reaching to F in alt., clear and brilliant, and miraculously flexible. Like Malibran, the chief rudiments of her education were derived from her father, and, as in the case of Malibran, never were paternal seeds sown to bring forth a more bounteous harvest. As a mere vocalist, Persiani has the highest name in musical Europe. She is a thorough mistress of all the resources of her art, and uses them to the delight and astonishment of her hearers. The most difficult passages, the most rapid scales, shakes, trills, divisions, and *fiorture* the most dazzling and inconceivable, seem but necessary consequences of her singing, and, as it were, belong to her voice. In general, these ornaments and *broderies* are managed with singular judgment, and the most consummate taste. In the *Lucia*, for instance, perhaps Persiani's most admirable part, nothing can be more in character with the light and brilliant music, than the graces she throws round it; and certainly, few efforts, if any, in singing, are more astonishing. We always listen to Persiani in the music of poor Lucy of Lammermoor with the greatest possible delight. The quietude and simplicity of the part suit her singing no less than her acting, which is truly feminine, passive, and characterized by no efforts of passion. Not that the great artiste is incapable of rendering scenes of passion with truthfulness and beauty—witness her mad-scene in the *Lucia*, and her acting throughout in *Linda di Chamouni*—but that somehow her voice is too soft and gentle to portray violence and extreme feelings, while her acting is distinguished by a calmness and suavity entirely averse to energetic displays. In *Zerlina*, in *Don Giovanni*, she appears to great advantage, her acting being characterised by much gracefulness and simplicity, mingled with an innocent archness extremely captivating: but unfortunately, the music of the part is too low for her, and the necessary transposition destroys the effect of the two finest songs in the opera, "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino." In these, also, to their utter disfigurement, she introduces *roulades* and graces utterly at variance with the spirit of the compositions: so that it may be said of Persiani, she shines less in Mozart's music than in that of any other composer. Indeed, this is but the natural consequence of the light and brilliant quality of her voice, which befits it more to the airiness of the modern Italian school than to the severity of the German, and is not derived from any want of appreciation or feeling in the artiste for the works of the author. Persiani is a thorough musician; she could hardly be otherwise, being the daughter of the celebrated Tacchinardi, one of the first vocal teachers of the day, and an excellent musician. Madame Persiani first made her appearance in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1838, and became an immense favorite with the opera frequenters, especially the nobility, who greatly admired her elegance and lady-like deportment; and with the *connoisseurs* she rose into still greater favour, being unanimously pronounced one of the most accomplished vocalists ever heard in this country. In Paris she is almost idolised, being elevated as a vocalist by the good folks of that capital, even above the Grisi herself. It must be owned that the Parisians are more favorably impressed towards the great artist than the great singer, for which reason we may readily account for their placing Duprez above all tenors,



past, present, and to come. After a secession of some seasons, Persiani reappeared last year in London, being engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, and debuted in *Lucia*. She produced a marked sensation. Her voice was as brilliant and clear as ever, and possessed all the silvery fluidity, for which it was formerly so remarkable; while, if possible, her art was rendered more manifest by her almost sovereign power in the use of its hidden and intricate resources. The chief characters in Madame Persiani's repertoire, are Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*; Rosina, in *Barbiere*; Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*; the Countess, in the *Nozze di Figaro*; Matilda, in *Guillaume Tell*; Amina, in *Sonnambula*; Adina, in *Elisir d'Amore*; Amanaide, in *Tancredi*, &c., &c.

Madame Persiani is extremely prepossessing in appearance. Her figure is small and slight, and her deportment marked by a natural grace and ease not easily seen on the stage. She is, both from her appearance and style of acting, suited to such parts as demand no lofty exposition of the sterner feelings; but such as, in their delineation, require a true feminine grace and placidity of manner which appeals silently to the spectators. For this reason we would point out Madame Persiani's Amina, in *Sonnambula*; Linda, in the *Linda di Chamouni*; and Matilda, in *Guillaume Tell*, as her most impressive parts. In comedy, Madame Persiani is elegant and easy, according as the character requires one or the other. Her Rosina and Adina are her best parts in this line. However favoritism may vary, Madame Persiani will always command the suffrages of the real musical world, and though more praise-bespattered singers may sink or rise with the vagaries of the mob, she will always float on the smooth waters of respectful admiration, unmoved by popular whim or caprice.

### Lament for Mendelssohn.

(For the "Musical World.")

BH hushed, ye people! bend in awful grief!  
But bind your grief to silence. He is still—  
Oh! agony to hold the deep belief  
We dare not disavow—the earth is still—  
He went with summer! Impotent of will,  
We weep but tears of fire, that will not flow;  
Our aching eyes are shut and may not fill;  
Our life is death one hour, we nothing know,  
Save that where he is gone our hearts are fain to go.

All organs now, with mystic muttering,  
Or flood of diapason, shake us even  
As reeds with tempest, faint and fluttering;  
And wistfully we fix our eyes on heaven,  
Yearning to find his face—but nought is given  
Save that lone sickening waste, the wide blue sky,  
Or masked in clouds, by raging breezes riven,  
Bidding us hear all Nature's sympathy,  
In "music's deep eclipse," death's rending mystery.

Midst myriad hearts that mourn thee, what is mine?  
Yet all are bound in brotherhood of woe;  
All spirits tremble with the touch of Thine  
Master, departed—how, we cannot show,  
But, hovering o'er us kindly, Thine we know—  
We feel thee in the passionate trance of pain—  
In the cold frenzy's pause—the softer flow  
Of sorrow—as if some sweet spell was laid  
On the strong-rushing pulse—Thy deathless notes again.]

No more to hear, while yet the dream beguiles,  
The undulations of thy slender hand  
Invoking tears more tender-soft than smiles;  
Thy spirit's bliss by music's breathing fanned,  
Brooding o'er us like gales from spicy land

Of Paradise, or heavenly islets calm:  
No more to mark thy rapt and still command  
Of myriads the musical, whose psalm  
Weaveth in chorus proud thy mystic wreath of palm.

Doth Autumn linger where thy dust is laid?  
Is Winter creeping on the breeze, the wave?  
So long, dark nights thine holy rest shall shade  
With stars like tears of light to pierce thy cave:  
So we will weep till Spring anew shall pave  
The earth, then thoughts like breathing violets bring  
To deck the fresh green earth and sunny grave!  
Hush the sealed stone that locks Thee slumbering,  
In token of our love and hope's eternal spring.

Thy death is life, eternal music's child—  
Meet was its cadence, mild its heavenly close!  
In youth's rich summer, dauntless, undefiled,  
Death came too stealthy-soft to thee, the rose  
Of life's fresh gladness gathered—but he froze  
No passion that in melody did pine;  
That rushed beyond the stars to find repose;  
Thirsting for livelier founts than Music, thine,  
Or thine on earth, for Thou, as God, art all divine.

Our haunted hearts with gratitude must burn,  
Our withered words must perish in our breast,  
Yet, blessed one, we ask not thy return;  
Thou hast no more to die! thou art at rest!  
Long with its immortality oppress,  
Thy music struggled in thy mortal part,  
And did with fire of heaven thy mould invest,  
Till, longing for all fulness, did thine heart  
For death's dread spell yearn deep, and to its shadow dart.

If, born of heav'n! no chariot clave the night  
To snatch thee, rapt in seraph strength away,  
No mystic miracle of light in light,  
No glory where attendant angels stray,  
Yet joyous cherish we thy pale, pure clay  
And fondly deem that thou didst part in peace,  
Thy thoughts their music murmuring till day  
Dawned on thy brain's dim fever—bright release  
To rapture we reck not, save that it ne'er shall cease.

The silver trumps of all the winds have blown  
Thy fame as far as the eternal shore,  
And death's dark ocean, that supreme unknown,  
Echoes it still, the rumour of its roar!  
Rest, rest! but we will say farewell no more.  
In all our beating hearts thy life we keep;  
And while for loss of thee all hearts are sore,  
Perchance thou smilest all the while we weep,  
Bidding us spread thy strains till we shall share thy sleep.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.—A new historical play was produced here on Monday under the title of *Philip van Artevelde*. This drama is from the pen of Mr. Henry Taylor, a gentleman well known in some circles, and recognized as the author of one or two other historical productions of average merit, and some effusions of minor aim. *Philip van Artevelde* was published by the author some eight or nine years ago, but was never deemed important enough to test it on the stage; or, like many brighter productions, was refused by the managers. We are not aware to whom we owe the bringing out of Mr. Taylor's play at the Princess's. It may have been Mr. Maddox, who trusted to its general fitness, its bustle, and its requirements of splendour in the costume and decorations: or it may have been Macready, who found the character of the hero, however weakly drawn, congenial to him, and saw in it much that would dazzle and captivate the multitude. The frequenters of the Princess's have certainly no cause for regret in the production of *Philip van Artevelde*. The play is instructive, dramatic and impressive. The chief

fault lies in its want of elevation and harmony in the language. Sometimes the thought is new and happy, but the diction never suffers it to rise into poetry. The poet has been entirely sacrificed to the dramatist. This, we imagine, is intentional. The author has attempted a rugged, natural phraseology to put into the mouths of his personages, but in the endeavour he too frequently degenerates into the vulgar. Diffuseness, likewise, is a grievous fault in Mr. Taylor's writing. The love scenes especially are drawn out to an interminable length, and what is expressed in twenty lines might, with greater propriety and much more effect, be told in half a dozen. The characters, for the most part, are all well delineated. We must except the ladies; they neither interest us in the performance, nor leave any impression when all is over. The plan of the drama is simple, and clearly evolved. The scene divides itself between Ghent and Bruges. The citizens of Ghent are desirous of throwing off their allegiance to the Earl of Flanders. Having lost their best leaders they are anxious to choose one worthy of leading them on to battle for their rights. The community is divided into two factions, of which the "Whitehoods" are the dominant party. Looking round them for a competent leader they choose for their captain, Philip van Artevelde, a young student, recommended to the commonalty by his own virtues and talents as well as by his father's name, endeared to every citizen of Ghent. Philip, importuned in his privacy to take the lead, at first refuses, but at length consents, instigated by recollections of his father's murder. A meeting of the people is called at the Stadt-house to hear the terms of a proposed amnesty sent them by the Earl of Flanders. The messenger's proposals, which are none of the mildest, are listened to with various feelings by the mob. Philip makes a long address to the people, and gradually working on their indignation, denounces the earl and his herald, and stabs the latter, who falls dead on the floor of the Stadt-house. The populace, uproarious and inflamed, consent to follow Philip to the death. But treason has been busy in the very heart of the Whitehoods. The lord of Ooco, urged by jealousy against Philip, and defeated in ambition, has deserted to the enemy's camp, and brought word to the earl of the murder of his emissary and the elevation of Philip to the leadership. The earl lays siege to Ghent and cuts off their supplies of provisions and water. The besieged are attacked with the horrors of a long-beleaguered city. Famine and disease eat them up. Sounds of dissension are beginning to be heard on every side, when a herald again arrives from the earl. The people throng to the Stadt-house to hear their last hope. Philip addresses them, holding the paper containing the earl's last proposition in his hand. Three things he tells them, are left to choose from in their extremity: first, what the earl proposes, "that all the inhabitants of Ghent should meet him half way on the road to Bruges, barefooted and bareheaded, with halts round their necks, and trust entirely to his clemency for mercy:" secondly: Philip submits, that they go to the church, kneel in prayer, and die upon their altars. "Give as your third proposal," shout the multitude, not much liking the first or second. "It is," says Philip, who had reserved his *coup* for the last, "that five thousand of the strongest among you put yourselves under my command, and to-morrow night we will besiege the earl in his own capital." The proposal is acceded to with thunders of acclamations. And then Philip van Artevelde, by an artifice, not isolated in the history of warfare, overthrows the earl's army under the walls of Bruges, and rescues his citizens from all their calamities. The play ends happily. Philip marries Adriana, a lady of whom we

know nothing, and care to know no more: the conspirators are put to death, and the earl is suffered to make his escape.

The play was excellently put upon the stage. The dresses were really splendid. Macready, in the last act, wore a magnificent and real suit of armour, and all the soldiers, in fact, appeared clad in mail of the like quality. The performance was complete from beginning to end. There was not a hitch nor a fault; which showed how carefully the rehearsals must have been conducted. There is not metal enough in the character of Philip for Macready. Some of his scenes, undoubtedly, were fine, and exhibited the consummate artist: but he had evidently an up-hill part to play, and perhaps labored a little too much to make the most of it. His first address to the populace from the Stadt-house was particularly good. It was just such a mode of delivery as would have taken the hearts of a mixed multitude. The other characters scarcely merit a word of notice. The two parts played by Miss Emmeline Montague and Miss Susan Cushman are all but worthless. Mr. Ryder had a rough soldier's part to perform, which he made very effective. The play was successful, and Macready was honored with the usual recalls.

ADELPHI.—The new romantic drama, under the title of *Gabrielli, or, the Bequeathed Heart*, produced last week with so much success, is from the pen of the late R. B. Peake. Though unfinished at the time of his death, it was instantly accepted by Madame Celeste, who was, at least, as much instigated in its acceptance by a wish to benefit the family of the popular dramatist, as by any anticipated essential good that might accrue therefrom to her theatre. The plot of *Gabrielli* is singularly novel and striking; and it is much to be lamented that Mr. Peake did not finish it previous to his death, as it suffers in no small degree from weak and fruitless dialogue. The drama is in two acts. The scene opens with a fancy *fête* at Naples, given by a young Irishman, O'Carrol, (Mr. Boyce), chiefly in compliment to Gabrielli, the *prima donna* of San Carlos. The fair *Cantatrice* is surrounded by a host of admirers, who pester her for favors. In a playful mood she demands from those around her, each to make a will in her favor, leaving her "some superfluity." From O'Carrol she demands the bequeathment of his heart. After the *fete*, O'Carrol is waited on by his Neapolitan man-of-law, Valdarno (Mr. O. Smith), and intent on acceding to the wishes of Gabrielli, he makes a will, leaving her his heart, and in case of non-fulfilment of this bequest on the part of his family, making over to her ten thousand pounds to be levied on his Irish estates. Valdarno holds the document and determines, should occasion offer, to use it to his own purposes. Next morning a pic-nic is given, also in honor of Gabrielli. Before her arrival, a quarrel takes place between O'Carrol and a French officer, which ends in a duel, and she reaches the party in time to behold her lover in the last agonies of death. Stricken with horror, she throws herself into the sea from a rock. The second act removes us to Ireland. O'Carrol's mother and sister are lamenting at his tomb, his body having been removed to Ireland. The family steward receives a letter, which informs him of O'Carrol's will and the claim made thereon. This throws the mother and sister into consternation; especially as, from various calamities in their fortune, they are unable to meet the demand imposed on denial of giving up O'Carrol's heart. Valdarno, who has come from Naples, seeks an interview with the mother and daughter, and offers to give up the will, if the latter consents to give him her hand. She spurns him with contempt, and he leaves them bent on mischief. Acting on the spirit of the document he brings an execution on the property, supported

by a party of soldiers. The officers of the law, as a matter of course, are received in real Irish fashion, and a general skirmish takes place, which ends in the defeat of the civilians; and the goods and chattels are about to be seized, when Gabrielli, to the astonishment of Valdarno, who had believed her safely imbedded in the bottom of the Bay of Naples, steps forth, and rescues the family from perdition. The *prima donna* had long forsaken the world and its pleasures, and, clothed in religious attire, had sought in his distant land her lover, to breathe one prayer for him at his tomb, before she passed away for ever. It will be seen that in the last act the heroine has little or nothing to do, and that the hero is killed in the first. This to a certain extent, dissipates the interest of the piece. The part of Gabrielli, though not of sufficient importance for the artist, was performed with great effect by Madame Celeste. Her last scene was extremely touching. Wright had an indifferent part, but made it extremely droll. Paul Bedford and Mrs. Frank Matthews figured also to good purpose. The piece was crowned with the greatest success, and given out for repetition every evening.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—On Wednesday Colman's pleasant extravaganza, called *The Comedy of the Poor Gentleman*, was revived here. This piece, the weakest of the author's dramatic productions, has, in fact, neither plot nor incident, but is kept alive solely by broad and lively caricaturing in the characters, and by the point and vivacity of the comic part of the dialogue; the serious portion being filled with a species of clap-trap, which, although it might be suitable enough to the time when it was written, we much doubt if any writer of reputation would venture on now. The comedy was received with the most extravagant satisfaction. Indeed the ample justice that the piece obtained from the performers well deserved this tribute to their exertions. Mr. A. Young made a very fair Sir Robert Bramble; we should have liked him better had not the recollection of Munden been full upon us. Mr. Marston, as Frederick, was as full of life and vivacity as could be wished. Messrs. Hoskins and Scharf, as Ollapod and the Bumpkin, elicited roars of merriment. Mr. Bennett had a part unworthy of him. Miss Cooper, as Emily, had but little to do, but she acted with grace and simplicity, and looked exceedingly well, which, by the way, she invariably contrives to do. Next week will be revived, Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, with appropriate and becoming splendour. Messrs. Phelps and Scharf taking the parts of Jacques and Touchstone; and Miss Cooper that of Rosalind.

**SURREY.**—The present operatic corps is about to be dissolved, and a new one to be established in its place. Miss Romer, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Borroni, Mr. Harrison, &c. are to be replaced by Miss Poole, Mr. D. W. King, Mr. McMahon, and Mr. H. Phillips. Miss Poole, we understand, will be the *prima donna*. The new company open next week with Balfe's favorite opera, *The Bondman*. Mr. Bunn, by his operatic entertainments, is reaping a glorious harvest.

**MARYLEBONE.**—The *Bridal* has been lately produced at this theatre with the greatest success. Mrs. Warner's Evadne is one of her very best parts, and is hardly surpassed by any modern performance. The theatre, under this lady's admirable management, bids fair, ere long, to rival any theatre in the metropolis. Everything connected with the stage and its decorations is provided in the best style, and in the best taste; and nothing has been omitted which could gratify the spectator, or render itself agreeable to his comforts. Beaumont's play, *The Scornful Lady*, adapted by Searle, will be produced on Monday.

### PROVINCIAL.

**WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS.**—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Wilson gave one of his popular and interesting entertainments in the Music-hall, and never did he delight his audience more than on that occasion. The programme contained many gems, several of which Mr. Wilson never sang in Leeds before. The truly national song—"Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled," met with a hearty encore, which it richly deserved, for Wilson never sang it better. He shewed the varied capabilities of the old melody, by singing to it the plaintive strain—"The Land of the Leal," which being sung without accompaniment, and as it were in a whisper, had a very touching effect. The song of "The Skylark," and Campbell's songs of "The Soldier's Dream," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter," which were splendidly rendered by Wilson, called forth also the playing power of his accompanist, Mr. Jolley, who is one of the best accompanists we have heard. The accompaniments of these three songs are obligato, and were played with a brilliancy and lightness of touch which shewed Mr. Jolley to be a perfect master of his instrument. The evening went off altogether delightfully, and, were it possible for Wilson to increase his vocal fame in Leeds, he has done so in his present visit. Mr. Wilson was the first to introduce this species of entertainment, and though he has had many imitators, they all fall short of the original.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

**MR. AND MRS. MILLAR'S SOIREE MUSICALE.**—The crowded state of Mr. Millar's drawing-rooms on Wednesday evening, was abundant indication of the pleasure with which his announcement, that the concert would be conducted in person by Sir H. R. Bishop, was received by those to whom our great composer's works are familiar. It would be difficult, did the search include the *repertoires* of all our modern composers, to find a selection embracing greater beauties, either of melody or harmony, than may be made from the works of Sir Henry Bishop. The fact of the composer's personal superintendence was an additional attraction on the present occasion; as it was a guarantee that the full graces of his compositions, (which, in deserved compliment to the conductor, formed the larger portion of the programme) would be developed. Mr. and Mrs. Millar, Miss Perry, Mr. Comer, and two other gentlemen, did ample justice to the vocal portion of the different compositions; and the instrumental accompaniments were in safe keeping with Sir Henry himself. In the course of the evening, Mr. Henry Field delighted the company by the execution of two brilliant pieces for the piano, one a fantasia by Prudent, the other a most sweet elaboration of the "Cracovienne" by Wallace. Our city may well be proud of such an artiste as Mr. Henry Field. Grappling with all the difficulties of which the key-board of his instrument is susceptible, he conquers them without the display of any manual exertion, and rattles on as fluently over passages of seemingly impracticable intricacy, as if he were merely extemporising for his own amusement, and there was no such thing as mechanical or physical difficulties in the case. His style and execution are most exquisitely finished; the notes ring out with the roundness of silver bells, and are tempered by the most consummate taste and feeling, while in the most rapid passages, they come forth from his hand clear and rippling as running water. Mr. Field is a great acquisition to any concert; and his merits were by no means unappreciated on the present occasion.—The only other novelty in the programme was the introduction of a couple of pieces—both, we believe, in MS.—from the pen of a young composer,—a scion of the aristocracy,—the Earl of Belfast. The young nobleman was himself present on the occasion, and must have felt highly gratified at the pleasure with which his compositions were listened to by an audience so capable of distinguishing their merits. One of them, an extravaganza, with the appropriate title of "La Diablerie," exhibited the possession of great musical talent; the melodies were quaint and prankish, as suited such a theme, and the variations were arranged with much artistic skill. Lord Belfast will have achieved a favourable reputation in our local musical circles by the evidences of very decided genius which his compositions displayed; and it would be unpardonable not to add that, in Miss Emily Pooley, their merits found a very able exponent. The *soirée*, as a whole, passed off in the most agreeable manner; and apart from the pleasure which the occasion in itself afforded, it cannot fail of exerting a beneficial influence in promoting a taste for refined and classic compositions among our amateurs.—*Bath Herald*, Nov. 20.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS.**—Last week, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Land, gave two of their attractive musical entertainments, in the Concert Room, Market-hill. The morning performance comprised many of the most pearly portions of the finest oratorios ever written. The recitation and airs of "For behold," "The people that walked in darkness," and "Why do the nations" (emanations of a mighty genius) are no where in the range of the profession, so perfectly safe as in the hands of the graphic delineator of sacred song—Mr. Phillips. The air from Ruth "Entreat



me not to leave thee," "Lord remember David," "If with all your hearts," (from the *Elijah*), and Mehül's "Dear child of hope," a delicious duet with Phillips, were performances by Mr. Land, of great force and fidelity. If, however, there was one vocal melody amidst the constellation of sacred gems more touching than another, it was the delectable and not less apposite melody of "O rest in the Lord," associating as it could not fail to do, a thousand painful recollections of its author—Dr. Mendelssohn, (upon whom the great moral penalty to which "all flesh is heir" had so recently fallen, to the deep and lasting regret of the profession to which he was an honour, and in which he was so rapidly climbing the rugged hill of fame. These are the shadows which unexpectedly fall across the sunniest of our sublunary paths—the "discord harmonies not understood," but which, interruptions as they are intended to be in the mysterious movements of Providence, are, nevertheless, essential links in the chain of "universal good.") The performances in the evening were appropriately interspersed with illustrative remarks, and musical anecdotes, all of which most admirably served to sharpen the musical appetite. Mr. Land, who possesses an organ of peculiar sweetness, roundness, and easy flexibility and whose vocal powers are in a state of scientific cultivation, exhibited, it must be confessed, a more than ordinary degree of regard for that vital portion of a melody—the poetry,—a matter by the bye, but too frequently either totally disregarded, or obscured by superfluous vocal elaborations. Mr. Land's mode of treating a ballad is sensible, clear, simple, and expressive; and these appear to be the ingredients which constitute the great charm of ballad singing. The beautiful effusions of the Caledonian muses, "Lizzie Lindsay," "Auld Robin Gray," and the "Lass o' Gowrie," lost none of their national simplicity by the vocalisation of Mr. Land, and afforded the greatest delight to the audience. Nothing could exceed the smooth and truthful treatment which Mr. Phillips and Mr. Land in (voices admirably balanced) gave to the sparkling duo-vocal gem of the old school, "Haste my Nannette," they were equally successful in the splendid duet, (from *Belshazzar*) "Quando di sangue tinto" and heartily applauded by the admirers of the beautiful operatic effusion of Donizetti. In the course of the evening, by desire, Mr. Phillips repeated the noble Jewish chant which he had given with such thrilling effect during the morning performance. The deep, firm, and musical solemnity of Mr. Phillips' pure organ, fitted him, in all respects, for the vocal exhibition of this incomparable specimen of the sacred music of the Jews. The performances were received with the utmost delight by a numerous and highly fashionable audience. To Mr. Nunn, to whom the provinces of Suffolk are deeply indebted for the many former supplies of musical talent of first-rate order, we are again called upon to offer public thanks, for the great vocal feast with which he has just entertained the admirers of the divine art, of Bury St. Edmunds by the skilful and truthful vocal delineations of Mr. Phillips and his talented friend, Mr. Land.—*Bury Suffolk Herald*.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. GLYNN, a pupil of Mr. Charles Kemble, made a successful *debut* at the Manchester Theatre Royal, last week, as the *Lady Constance* in Shakspeare's tragedy of "King John."

OPENING OF AN ORGAN AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH BROADWAY.—This interesting ceremony took place on Sunday se'nnight, the 14th instant, on which occasion the Rev. Samuel Franklin preached two sermons. A suitable selection of anthems and choruses was performed by the choir, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Folkes, who presided at the organ, and who will continue his services in that capacity. A collection was made at the doors, and £12 received towards defraying the expenses which, together with the contributions and donations already received, will be nearly sufficient to defray the entire cost of the instrument.

LINDPAINTNER, the well known author of "Joko le singe de Brazil" has lately turned his attention to composing for the flute, several excellent works have already proceeded from his pen. Among them are fifty progressive studies in four books, each dedicated to a British professor. The attention of students will no doubt be attracted to Lindpaintner's flute compositions, as good works for that favourite instrument are seldom met with, though much required.

MISS VANDENHOFF is sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to appear once more on the stage.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.—The second list of subscriptions towards the restoration of Hereford Cathedral, now amounts to upwards of £8000.

MENDELSSOHN.—A deputation from the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, had the honour of an interview last Saturday, with His Royal Highness Prince Albert, to submit a proposal for erecting a public memorial to the memory of the late Dr. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The Queen and Prince Albert were pleased to approve of the above object, and to subscribe £50 to its aid.

MESSRS. BENEDICT AND LINDSAY SLOPER have announced the establishment of classes for the study of the pianoforte and musical compositions at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street. In order to suit all kinds of learners, they have divided their classes into five sections. The first is for beginners solely: the second for the advanced pupil: the third is the *cours de perfectionnement*: the fourth section provides exclusively "for the tuition of those pupils studying for the profession;" and the last, "for the study of every branch of musical composition." Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper, are too well known, both as composers and pianists, to require us to descant on their merits. They are both first-rate performers and thorough musicians, and none else can hope to make the best proficients in the art. The scheme issued meets our entire approbation, and shall obtain, if it need it, our warmest support. We have all along advocated the principle that instruction in *composition* should run parallel with pianoforte teaching, or the pupil will never become an accomplished performer. He who plays without understanding what he plays, can only hope to arrive at superficial excellence—a thing to be scouted the present advanced state of the art.

MARY-LE-BONE LITERARY INSTITUTION.—The concert given on Wednesday evening, at the rooms of this Institution, in Edwards Street, Portman Square, was well attended, and went off highly satisfactorily to the audience. The following *morceaux* were encored, Nelson's song, "The wind," sung by Mr. Leffler—Crouch's "Window Machree"—Barnett's duet, "The Singing lesson" excellently sung by Miss A. Romer and Mr. Bodda,—and a solo by Richardson on the flute. The following vocalists assisted, Miss Bruce, Miss Jane Farmer, Miss Sara Fower, Miss L. Marshall (a pupil of Miss Sara Flower), Miss A. Romer, Signor Ponzini, Mr. Salabert, Mr. Leffler and Mr. Bodda. Miss Dinah Farmer and Mr. Richardson gained great applause by their performance of the duet for piano and flute, by Bucher and Benedict. Signor Negri and Mr. J. L. Hatton were the conductors.

ORATORIO.—The Juvenile Choral Society are to sing again this evening the celebrated Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus, the performance of which was attended with so much success some time ago at the Music Hall, and also at Dalkeith Palace. There is no doubt but that this class will show further signs of that improvement in their choral performances which has hitherto been perceptible on their successive efforts, notwithstanding that these have been surprising, considering the age of the pupils.—*Caledonian Mercury*, Nov. 22.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER has announced a grand concert to take place at the Star Hotel Circus Room, Oxford, on Monday evening, December, the 6th. The principal performers will include Madame Anna Thillon, Miss Dolby, Miss Emily Macnamara, Miss Kate Macnamara, Mr. Howard Glover and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

**ORIGIN OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.**—The Italian Opera derives its birth from a sacred drama, entitled *Conversione di S. Paolo*, set to music by Beverini, a most celebrated composer at the time of the Carnival, in the year 1480. It was exhibited at Rome, in a moveable theatre, made at the express command of Cardinal Riario, nephew of Pope Sixtus the Fourth. Salpizio makes mention of it, in his dedicatory epistle to the same Cardinal, which he prefixed to his notes upon Vitruvius. The fame of so delightful and entertaining a spectacle being spread abroad, the Venetians came to a resolution of having the like entertainment at their Carnivals, which they carried into execution five years afterwards in 1485. Hence the origin of the Italian Opera.

**INCLEDON.**—This admirable singer, who retired from the stage in 1815, could never restrain the anxiety he felt when the turn for his benefit at Covent Garden came round. Every morning for more than a week previous he would go to the box-book-keeper's office, to see how many places were taken; and a week before his last benefit, observing the names to be few besides those of his own private friends, he said to Brandon, "D—n it, Jem, if the nobility don't come forward as usual, I shall cut but a poor figure this time."—"Don't be afraid," said Brandon, "I daresay we shall do a great deal for you to-day."—"Well!" replied Incledon, "I hope you will; and as I go home to dinner I will look in again." Incledon, who was not very familiar with Debrett's Peerage, returning at four o'clock in the afternoon, hastened to the book, and read aloud the following fictitious names, which Brandon, as a joke, had put down during his absence:—"The Marquis of Piccadilly,"—"The Duke of Windsor."—"Ah!" said he, "that must be one of the royal family!"—"Lord Highgate,"—"and 'The Bishop of Gravesend!'"—"Well!" said he to Brandon, quite delighted, "if we get on as well to-morrow as we have done to-day, I shall have a number of distinguished titles present!"

**OPINIONS ON MUSIC.**—"I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise music as a toy and a trifle too light for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to its charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their own understandings, into question; it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While the world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of this entertainment will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy or so innocent, and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them."—*Sir William Temple. Essay on Poetry.*

**FRANCONI'S TROUPE.**—A portion of this equestrian band from Paris, consisting of 72 ladies and gentlemen, and 24 splendid horses, arrived at St. Katharine's-wharf by the General Steam Navigation Company's steam-ship *Venezuela*, from Havre.

**MOZART.**—The following, taken from Schlichtegroll's Necrology, is a remarkable instance of the precocity of Mozart's genius. It should be premised that such was his progress in the art, that at the age of six years, his whole delight was in harmony, and he could compose little airs while he was playing, which his father was always obliged to write down

for him. "One day, his father entering the music-room in company with a friend, found the boy, with a pen in his hand, busily employed. 'What are you about there?' said the father. 'I am writing a concerto for the harpsichord,' was the reply. 'Indeed! it must doubtless be something very fine; let me see it.' 'But, sir, it is not yet finished.' The father took up the paper, and at first could discover nothing but a confusion of notes and spots of ink. The boy not knowing how to handle the pen, had continually filled it too full, and dropped it on the paper, which he had wiped with his hand and then written upon the blots. Old Mozart, on examining the work more closely, was enraptured with it. 'See,' said he to his friend, 'how regular and accurate this is! but it is too difficult to be played.' 'It is a concerto!' exclaimed the boy, 'and must be practised till it can be executed:—you shall hear.' He then began to play; but it was beyond his powers, and he could not make them understand his meaning."

Mrs. WOOD appeared at the Concert-hall Liverpool, on Saturday last to a crowded audience, was in excellent voice, and was as warmly applauded as in her palmiest days.

MR. RYALLS has announced a concert at Liverpool for the 14th of December, at which Miss E. Ward will make her first appearance. Mr. Ryalls deserves all the encouragement that can be given to him, and we trust he will have a bumper.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, LIVERPOOL.**—The full-dress concert for this month takes place this evening. The vocalists are Miss Dolby, Miss S. Novello, J. A. Novello, and Signor Marras. The party are well known, the only stranger among them being J. A. Novello, well known as one of the first theoretical musicians of the day.

MR. WILSON has been giving his entertainments in Lincoln, Newark, Nottingham, and other towns in the neighbourhood, with his usual success, the rooms on every occasion being filled with the *élite* of the respective places.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—There will be a trial of chamber music at 23, Berners-street (by the kind permission of James Erat, Esq.), on Wednesday, December 1st, and a trial for works with full orchestra at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, December 16th.

**A DELICATE HINT.**—When Fischer, the celebrated oboe-player, who was remarkable for the oddity of his manner, played concertos at the grand concerts given fifty years ago at the Rotunda in Dublin, a noble lord who had been enraptured with the rare talent he displayed came up to him, and, after having complimented him, gave him a pressing invitation to sup with him the following evening; adding, "You'll bring your oboe with you?" Fischer, who was a little nettled at that sort of invitation, hastily replied "My lord, my oboe never sups!"

**COPYRIGHT OF ENGLISH SUBJECTS IN HANOVER.**—By an order of Council, which appears in the *Gazette* of Saturday last, dated the 30th of October, 1847, is declared, in pursuance of powers granted by treaty between Her Majesty and the King of Hanover, and by the act of Parliament relating to international copyright, that the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of books, prints and certain other works of art first published within the dominions of Hanover, shall have the privilege of copyright therein. And by another order of Council of the same date, it is further declared, that from and after the 30th of October, 1847, in

lieu of the duties of customs heretofore payable upon books, prints, and drawings published at any place in the kingdom of Hanover, there shall be payable on books originally produced in the United Kingdom, and republished in Hanover, a duty of 2l. 10s. per cwt.; on books published or republished in Hanover, not being books originally produced in the United Kingdom, 15s. per cwt.; on prints, and drawings, plain or coloured, published in Hanover, single, each, half-penny; bound or sewn, the dozen, 1½d.

**THE SHAKSPEARE NIGHT.**—It is now finally arranged that the performance at Covent Garden, in aid of the fund for the purchase and preservation of Shakspeare's house, will take place on Tuesday, December the 7th. It is impossible that every artist who has distinguished himself, or herself, in any character of Shakspeare, could be assigned a part in a performance of this kind; nevertheless we feel somewhat surprised that the Committee should have omitted giving a scene of Romeo to Miss Cushman, or a *bit* of Dogberry to Compton. Compton is one of the best Shaksperian artists on the stage: and Miss Cushman's Romeo is certainly the best we ever saw. The performance, nevertheless, is of imposing interest, and would assuredly of itself, without the great attraction of the present occasion, tend to draw an over-powering audience. We have little doubt that the Royal Italian Opera will be crammed to suffocation.

**"JUST LIKE MY MONSTER."**—A curious circumstance occurred at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on Friday evening, during the performance of "The Green Bushes." When Madame Celeste, who was performing in the character of *Miami*, the Indian girl, who shoots the English husband by whom she has been deserted, a woman started up in the pit, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Serve him right! it's just like my monster!" This explosion of insulted womanhood, produced by the "cunning of the scene" and Madame Celeste's powerful acting, was followed by a shout of laughter from all parts of the house, proving that art frequently possesses more influence over our feelings than nature herself.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**"AN ENEMY TO HUMBUG."**—We most cordially concur in every word of the writer; and are very careful what goes into the *MUSICAL WORLD* from the same quarters. Sometimes, however, paragraphs will creep in accidentally, and so we let them remain with all their sins upon their heads—for be it known, we print such paragraphs under the head of *PROVINCIAL NEWS* and no other, and invariably annex the source from where they are derived, whereby we throw off the onus from our own shoulders.

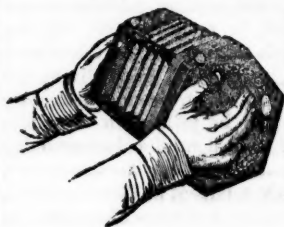
**"S. WAKEMAN."**—We have read our correspondent's letter, but remain unconvinced by his argument, adduced to prove that we should have published his former letter. We agree with our correspondent, that "the muslin curtain, or veil, dirty, or undirty, now suspended over the organ of one of our Metropolitan Cathedrals (St. Paul's, we believe) injures the tone of the instrument materially," and is moreover unsightly; but we repeat, our correspondent's communication would be more suited to the columns of the *Times*; nor can we allow equal importance to muslin curtains, though placed over an organ, to congregational singing, or church music. We shall always be happy to hear from S. W., but he must allow us to use our own discretion as to whether the communication be, or be not worthy of insertion in the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

**"A CONSTANT READER"** is informed that, in his attempt to correct our Paris correspondent, he is partly right and partly wrong. The name of the Roman who leaped into the Gulf was certainly *Marcus Curtius*, but he was more fully named *Marcus Quintus Curtius*, and he is more commonly known by the latter than the first cognomen. Our correspondent has used the name as most of the classic writers have done.

**"W. F. BYRON."**—We know but one way of advising our correspondent to get his songs published. Let him treat with a respectable music-seller, and have them published for the Author. He will find this a sufficiently cheap mode, and can restrict the printing to what number he pleases.

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(Signed,

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